ON THE

DEATH

OF THE

Truly Valiant, and Loyal

GEORGE

DUKE of ALBEMARLE,

Late General of His Majesties Forces

AND

Knight of the honorable Order of the Garter,

A Pindariqu Ode.

By *THOMAS FLATMAN.*

——*Extinctus amabitur Idem.*

DUBLIN,

Reprinted by *Benjamin Tooke*, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majesty, and are to be sold by *Samuel Dancer*, in *Castlestreet*.

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579

A Pindarique Ode.

Stanza I.

NOw blush thy self into confusion,
Ridiculous Mortality!
With indignation to be trampled on
By them that court Eternity;
Whose generous deeds, and prosp'rous state
Seem poorly set within the reach of Fate;
Whose every Trophy, and each Laurel wreath
Depends upon a little breath:
Confin'd within the narrow bounds of time
And of incertain age,
With doubtful hazzards they engage,
Thrown down, while Victory bids them higher clime
Their Glories are eclips'd by Death;
Hard circumstances of illustrious Men,
Whom nature (like the *Scythian* Prince) detains
Within the Bodies Chains,
Nature that rigorous *Tamberlain*.
Stout *Bajazet* disdain'd the barbarous rage
Of that insulting Conquerour;
Bravely himself usurp'd his own expiring power,
By dashing out his brains against his iron Cage.

II.

But 'tis indecent to complain,
And wretched Mortals curse their Stars in vain;
In vain they waste their tears for them that dye,

Themſelves involv'd in the ſame deſtiny.
No more with ſorrow let it then be ſaid,
The glorious *Albemarle* is dead:
Let what is ſaid of him Triumphant be;
Words as gay as is his Fame,
And as manly as his Name,
An *Epinicion* not an Elegy.
Yet why ſhould'ſt thou (ambitious Muſe) believe
Thy gloomy Verſe can any ſplendors give,
Or make him one ſmall moment longer live?
Nothing But what is vulgar thou canſt ſay,
And misbecoming numbers ſing;
What tribute to his Memory canſt thou pay,
Whoſe Virtue ſav'd three Realms, and could oblige a King.

III.

Many a year diſtreſſed *Albion* lay,
By her unnatural off-ſpring torn,
Once the worlds terror, then its ſcorn,
At home a Priſon, and abroad a Prey:
Her valiant Youth, her valiant Youth did kill,
And mutual blood did ſpill:
Uſurpers then, and many a Muſhrome Peer,
Within her Palaces did domineer;
There did the bloody Vultur build his neſt,
There the Owls and Satyrs reſt,
By *Zim*, and *Obim* all poſſeſt:
Till (*Englands-Angel-Guardian*) thou,
With pity, and with anger mov'd,
For *Albion* thy belov'd,
(Olive-chaplets on thy brow)
With bloodleſs hands held'ſt up her drouping head,
And with thy Trumpets call'dſt her from the dead.
Bright *Phoſpher* to the riſing Sun!
That *Royal Lamp* by thee did firſt appear

Uſher'd

Uſher'd into our happy *Hemiſphere*:
O may it ſtill ſhine warm, and clear!
No cloud, nor night approach it, but a conſtant Noon!

IV.

Nor here did thy undaunted Valour ceaſe,
Or wither with unactive peace:
Scarce were our civil broils allay'd,
While yet the wound of an inteſtine War
Had left a tender ſcar:
When (of our new proſperities afraid)
Our jealous Neighbours fatal Arms prepare:
In floating Groves the Enemy drew near;
Loud did the *Belgian Lion* roar;
Upon our Coaſts th' *Armada* did appear,
And boldly durſt attempt our native ſhore;
Till his victorious Squadrons check'd their pride,
And did in triumph o're the Ocean ride.
Under a gallant *Admiral* He fought
YORK, whoſe ſucceſs a taller muſe muſt ſing;
Who ſo his Countrey lov'd, that he forgot
He was the *Brother of a King*.
Whoſe daring courage might inſpire
A meaner Soul than His with Martial Fire.
With Thunder, Lightning, and with clouds of ſmoke
He did their inſolence reſtrain,
And gave his dreadful Law to all the Main,
Whoſe ſurly Billows trembled when He ſpoke,
And crouch'd their willing necks under His Yoke.
This the ſtupendious *Vanquiſher* has done,
Whoſe high prerogative it was alone.
To raiſe a ruin'd, and ſecure an envy'd Throne.

V.

Then angry Heav'n began to frown,
From Heav'n a waſting Peſtilence came down

On

On every hide did Lamentations rise,
Baleful ſigh, and heavy groan,
All was plaint, and all was moan!
The pious Friend with trembling love,
Scarce had his lateſt kindneſs done
In ſealing up his dead Friends Eyes
E're with his own ſurprizing Fate he ſtrove,
And wanted one to cloſe his own.
With Iron Scepter Death bore all the ſway
O're our Imperial *Golgotha*.
Yet he with kind, though undiſturbed eyes,
Durſt ſtay and ſee thoſe numerous Butcheries.
He in the field had ſeen Deaths griſly Face,
Heard him in Niter talk aloud;
Beheld his grandeur in a glittering croud,
And unamaz'd ſeen him in Cannons Gape.
Ever unterrify'd his Valour ſtood
Like ſome tall Rock amidſt a Sea of Blood.
'Twas Loyalty from Sword and Peſt ſav'd him alive,
The ſafeſt *Armour*, and the beſt *Preſervative*.

VI.

The Flaming *City* next implor'd his Aid,
Succeſsfully it pray'd
His force againſt the Fire, whoſe Armes the Sea obey'd.
Wide did the impetuous Torrent ſpread
Then thoſe goodly Fabricks fell;
Temples themſelves promiſcuouſly there
Dropt down, and in the common ruine bury'd were,
The City turn'd into one *Mongibell*.
That haughty Tyrant ſhook his curled head,
His breath with vengeance black, his face with fury red.
Then every cheek grew wan and pale
Every heart began to fail:

And

And had not our *Anointed's* flame
(From Heaven towards his Subjects sent.)
Out blaz'd the furious Element,
What could the furious Element tame?
Nought but thy presence could its power suppress,
Whose stronger light put out the less.
As *London's* noble structures rise
Together shall thy memory grow,
To whom that beauteous Town so much does owe
For its reviv'd tranquillities:
London! joynt Favourite with him thou were
As both took up a room within one heart,
So now with thine indulgent Sovereign joyn,
Respect his great Friend's Ashes, for he wept o're thine.

VII.

Thus did the *Duke* conclude his mighty stage,
Thus did that *Atlas* of our state
With his prodigious acts amaze the Age,
While worlds of wonder on his shoulders sate:
Full of glories, and of years
He trod his shining, and immortal way,
Whilst *Albion* compass'd with new Seas of tears
Besought his longer stay.
Saucy that pen that dares describe thy bliss,
Or write thine *Apotheosis*!
Whom heaven, and thy Prince to pleasure strove,
Entrusted with their Armies, and their Love.
In other Courts 'tis dangerous to *Deserve*,
Thou didst a kind, and grateful *Master* serve,
Who (to express his gratitude to thee)
Scorn'd those ill natur'd Arts of Policy.
Happy had *Belisarius* bin,
(Whose forward fortune was his Sin)
By many victories undone,

He had not liv'd neglected, dy'd obscure,
If for thy Prince those Battels he had won
Thy Prince, magnificent above his *Emperour*.

VIII.

Among the *Gods*, those *Gods* that dy'd like thee
As great as theirs, and full of Majesty
Thy sacred Dust shall sleep secure,
Thy Monument as long as theirs endure:
There, free from envy, thou with them
Shalt have thy share of *Diadem*.
Amongst their Badges shall be set
Thy *Garter* and thy *Coronet*:
Or (what is statlier) thou shalt have
A *Mausoleum* in thy Princes breast,
There thine embalmed name shall rest;
That Sanctuary shall thee save
From the dishonours of the Grave:
And every wondrous History,
Read by incredulous Posterity,
That writes of *Him*, shall honourably mention thee,
Who by an *humble Loyalty* hast shown
How much sublimer gallantry, and renown
Tis to *Restore*, than to *Usurp*, a *Monarch's Crown*.

FINIS.